RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE — HORTICULTURE — RURAL ART — EXPERIMENT — LITERATURE — SCIENCE — NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR! "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. To render it unsurpassed in the first and second particulars, the Conductor carries out departments, and earnestly labors to make the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it mainly advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that its pages, in safety, may be in the Hands and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It is Independent in Spirit, Fearless in Principle, Pure in Sentiment, Literary and Scientific, and replete with entertaining and beautiful Engravings, that may either journal,—rendering it the most complete Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper in America.

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AGRICULTURAL.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Facts about Potatoes.

Hon. Rufus Kew-York.—Would like to hear more "Facts about Potatoes," and as much information as your remarks about them, especially the Davis Seedling. I planted some of the Davis, and have a few of the tops in bloom; potato yam does not do quickly, productiveness, and good cooking. Still prefer the Davis Seedling, nothing equaled them in *Premium from out* and productiveness. Out of seventy-eight bushels planted, there were but eight of small potatoes, while Mackenzie grows many sets of them. Will not pay for digging. The next best potato I planted was the Mary C. Think highly of it for earliness. Freedom from rot, great productiveness, good cooking and table use. I need not say more of it, as you probably read it last year from some one you by E. W. Bliss, of the city of Boston. Please give us your experience in the potato line for the last year. It will do the *farmers* good to read such statistics as yourself can furnish.—J. G. Bell, *Adrian Mich., 1861.*

We will still tell pleased with the *Davis Seedling*, and though we have a dozen good kinds in our cellar for eating, this is preferred before all others, and we have none in almost every day the past winter.—We hope farmers will perhaps growers will give it a trial. Seed can now be obtained here, and we presume at many other places, at only a little more than the price charged for other good varieties. We feel safe in repeating what we said last year, that it is the most productive good potato we cultivate. The Show we think well of. It ripens early, and is of good quality; but we shall be better able to judge of its merits after the experience of the present season. All our experiments last year were pretty much brought to naught by the injury done to the crops by insects. Soon after the first of June, we feared, the Potatoes would not have been accused of causing the rot, attacked the leaves in immense numbers, and all varieties alike. All we could do by dusting with lime and ashes, plaster, Slough it may have checked their ravages, did not destroy them, or prevent great injury. The plants suffered from the loss of the leaves, looked sickly and dying, ripened off early, and the potatoes were small, but did not show the least signs of rot. From appearances during the season, we anticipated a good deal of rot, but in several hundred bushels of some forty kinds, grown entirely for experiment, we did not find one rotten potato.

In consequence of the depredations of these insects, our experiments with different manures, and varieties of potatoes, their productiveness, &c., are of no practical value, and must be repeated. We regret this the more because after having failed in a trial of sets of Goodrich's Seedlings the previous year, we were anxious for the results.

Bee Culture and Bee Hives.

Hon. Rufus Kew-York.—In the RURAL I have often noticed that bliss with movable frames spoken of, and their advantages. I would like a more particular description.—*Bee, &c.—*E. D. D., *Jasper, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1861.*

The Rural New-Yorker.—Please give us the light you can in regard to the management of bees, as it is becoming an interesting subject matter. In the Moore's Rural New-Yorker, of 1860, it is like so many others with which the country is flooded.—*Bee, &c.*—D., *N. Y., 1861.*

On this subject there is now but a great deal of interest, as the number of inquiries similar to the above, as well as other significant facts, clearly indicate. The belief is becoming pretty general that we can make honey in most sections of our country at a less outlay than formerly, and for cheaper than sugar or any other sweetening substance. Our land abounds in honey-bearing flowers that waste their sweetness on the desert air, while nature has provided us with swarms—models of industry in all lands and in all ages—that will gather and store all the honey for us without fee or reward, only asking for their compensation a little well arranged house to live in, and an opportunity to partake of a portion of the fruits of their own industry.

FIGURE 1.—MOVABLE-FRAME BEE-HIVE.

Some persons are disposed to consider Bee Culture rather a small matter, and this is most likely to be the case with those who look at the matter instead of the effect—the insect in small, the cause seems insignificant, but the result is by no means unimportant. The last published Census shows that in 1850, in this State, 1,776,650 pounds of honey and beeswax were produced. This, at one shilling per pound, would give $222,081.25. Of this, therefore, nearly one is credited with nearly $1,000, and thirteen over $10,000. Missouri grows nearly as much honey as New York. Allowing a pounds of honey and wax to the product of each hive in this State, it would give 178,165 as the number of swarms, or less than four to a square mile.

We learn from the best authority that in Germany the same number of thousands would be a very low estimate for the same extent of territory, and a friend recently returned from Europe informs us that bees are kept by almost every cottager in Switzerland, and that there, honey is as commonly used as butter. The gable ends of almost every cottage are studded with shelves on which bee hives stand, protected in some measure from the weather by the projecting roofs peculiar to those countries.

But instead of having only four stocks to the square mile in this State, we kept one hundred, which is only a fraction of what we might do, and the product of each hive in honey and wax were only 10 pounds for each colony, the value would be about *a million of dollars*. These facts will give some idea of the importance of Bee Culture and the loss which we annually sustain by its neglect.

In regard to the queries above, we must be allowed to remark that it is not our custom to speak in praise of implements or machines, the right of which is secured to their owners by patent right and can only be used by farmers on the payment of the inventor's fees; nor do we design usually to give especial prominence to the invention of one party over another, unless, as it may sometimes happen, it becomes necessary for the benefit of our readers, to save them from deception or loss, or to bring to their notice something of unusual value. But, occasionally, some one steps out from the beaten track and takes a station for in advance of his fellows, making improvements and discoveries that revolutionize old systems and effects such an entire change for the better that to attempt to keep silent as to its nature or advantages would be about as wise and practical as to ignore the existence of steam as a motive power. This is eminently the case with the Rev. L. L. Langstroth, of Oxford, and others of our friends and correspondents, among the best apiarians in the country, are unanimous in their praise of the system of managing the Bee made practicable in the Langstroth Hive.

The form of the hive here in the engraving, figure 1, with the top and honey board removed, so as to expose the interior. In this chamber are placed ten open frames. Like figure 2. These are suspended by the ends of the top of the frame resting on rabbets made in the sides of the hive, figure 3, as shown in No. 1. To furnish a guide to the bees in the construction of their combs, a thin piece of comb is attached to the underside of the top piece of the frame, or a triangular piece of wood with grooves to receive the upper ends of the combs, as in figure 2. These are now allowed to take possession of the hive. Here we may remark that if the space of from two to three inches is left between the ends of the frames and the sides of the hive, as shown in figure 3, and the bees are allowed to build their combs in this space, they will fasten the frames to the sides of the hive with bee-glue, which is very difficult to remove, and which, when melted by the heat of summer, will run down and daub the combs and honey. To prevent this, a space of about one-fourth of an inch is left between the ends of the frames and the sides of the hive, which the bees will not fill with comb, but will fill with bee-glue, which is easily removed with a knife.

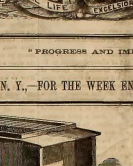

FIGURE 2.

The engraving, figure 2, shows a frame filled with comb. These frames may be taken out every day or week, according to the curiosity of the bee keeper or the necessities of the bees. Of course, this gives an opportunity for a thorough examination of the interior of the hive, so that the apiarian knows to such of the queens of the bees, the number of worms, or of any disease that may appear.

This building a "bee nest" may be thought by some a highly complex, but we can assure the readers "it's nothing when you've used to it." A careful man, or woman either, may manage a score of stocks a whole season, and seldom receive a sting. All that is necessary is to understand the business and do it carefully and quickly. As soon as the operator begins to take off the honey board, a few of the more excitable of the bees will rush forth from their boxes and prepare for an attack upon the intruder. Have a veil of cotton cloth or which a little tobacco has been sprinkled, with ears and no fire, but not blowing, and keep all of the stocks upon the excited bees. They will return. Now remove the board slowly, and if any bees show signs of attack, give them a little more smoke. This will so stun them that during they are in the bottom out of bees and home, and that the roll is gone, and there mixed to more as much as they can carry, they will fly themselves with honey, and in this condition can be handled as safely as fire. But occasionally there is one more excitable than the rest, or with the best of tempers. To be entirely secure, therefore, the bee keeper should provide himself with a little veil, as this will completely conceal the face, and is very convenient article, called a *Bee Dress*, made of wire, and resting on the shoulders. A good hat of any common cloth is attached to the bottom, and

BEE-HAT.

this is folded in under the coat, entirely protecting the face, which is the only part the bee will usually attack. Gloves for the hands are also desirable, but need not be used. It is best to be as well protected as is quite convenient, but in a little while, in ordinary operations, all these means of protection will be discarded as unnecessary. For answers to other inquiries in regard to manufacturers of hives, rights, &c., we refer our subscribers to our advertising pages.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

In our last issue of Progressive Journals, we gave an article from the *Royal Agricultural Journal*, concerning the ravages of the wire worm, in the centers of Barley, and now condemn a communication from the same paper, on the growth of Oats. The author remarks, that the natural energy of the plant of the Oat renders this crop admirably adapted for the production of the most profitable produce of land up an old sod in the fall and leaving it till next time to be ploughed. Sowing this Grain in the same manner certain to have crumbled the surface and produced a fine light mold for the seed; and, last, but still most, present the most desirable seed-bed for Oats — a soil well charged with vegetable matter, free from the clay of pestriction for the seeding of the plant, and a surface light and free in its character for the germination of the seed. This process of land for the root must be distinguished from the barrenness with which Wheat will content after it has once made a full growth. He forces tearing the land rather rough after sowing, and says—"I have known the coarser portion of a crop of Oats blown off the ground, simply from the field having been rolled, instead of being left rough from the harrow. Upon such land the seed must always be buried deeply, say two inches, for this gives the plant a better opportunity for securing itself to the soil."

Holding Horses on Sawdust.

A late issue of the *London Field* contains the results of an experiment the feasibility of which has been discussed somewhat in our columns. The writer says:

"Having used sawdust as bedding for horses for a length of time, the result of my experience may not be unacceptable to some of your inquiring subscribers. I litter the horses on it to the depth of six and nine inches, raking off the damp and soiled surface every morning, and spreading evenly a little fresh, every day the whole only four times a year. In advantages appears to be many, of which I will make a few which give it, in my estimation, its great superiority over straw. It is much cleaner and more easily managed, and of course much cheaper at first cost, making in the end excellent manure. It is peculiarly beneficial to the feet, affording them a cool porous stuffing, a substitute for the soil or earth we always find in the beds of a horse at grass. It also absorbs the noxious exhalations in the horse's natural feeling—the earth. We have never had a diseased foot since the introduction of sawdust in the stables, now some years since. Horses bedded on sawdust are also free from dust and stains that when on ordinary litter (damp) become marked in a better advantage, perhaps, but usually their own approval of it by frequently rolling and lying down for hours in the day. I also have the recommendation of being sociable—an advantage which all in charge of horses with the habit of constantly lying down will readily appreciate. Of course, from pungent smell, which is apt to accompany straw (when very superficially kept), it is not subject to weak eyes, and its slight temperature also is rather beneficial than otherwise. Of course, this cannot be carried into manure by the possible foundation for the fumes, and, unlike other stable manures, is rather a harbor of refuge for vermin. Flies never like it the least, and the wire worm, as the latter turns black the second day."

The Lung Murrain.

The Professors in the Royal Veterinary College have recently had their attention specially directed to this disease, and Prof. Simonds, in a paper in the *London Farmer's Magazine*, describes its peculiarities, and advises concerning it in an article which we copy. He remarks:

As to the "pleuro-pneumonia," he might say in the outset that this was a disease of the most serious nature. It was a disease which, if it once broke out in the stock, was very contagious. The morbific matter spread by means of the atmosphere. It is contagious! Cases have been mentioned which appear to prove this fact. There is what low proving evidence that it was contagious. The morbific matter entered the system, and, when absorbed, pleuritic exudations were given off. This was the case in point, and, if the disease be not resisted in certain stage, pustules were formed, and such pustules contained the same morbific matter as was originally inhaled. It was a disease that all animals exposed were inflicted, say more than it was with man. There must be a susceptibility as well as a cause. Some constitutions would resist more than others, but the disease was developed by strong inhalation. What would incidents one man would perceive to afford upon another. This spread the way to spread of secondary causes, and how farmers might help matters to resist the disease. Cattle were the animals more susceptible to over-crowding. Hence in the London dairies the disease was more rife than anywhere else. Cattle were crowded, and the air not ventilated, and keeping cattle in places where much dung was fermenting—especially if cattle were ill—was present. There were some pastures which in dry seasons were more unhealthy than others—some situations, when exposed to fog and damp, would endanger it. To use plain language, we knew where we were about us. As for the malady itself it was not an inflammatory, but a local and specific one. The morbific matter taken into the blood by respiration, and then concentrates itself in the lungs.

The symptoms were also tolerably very peculiar. *It is an eminently fatal disease.* Being any of the luminal remedies to a person unless they were administered to be such by the testimony of competent persons, and they would be found to be of a most distressing organs, and both in cattle and man, scarce to enable to restore the deposition caused by the disease, and the cattle could not recover if that destroyed. *It was always a fatal disease, and it always would be* being known to be, the more powerful the effects of this. As no cure has as sound ever been cured. The disease is sometimes arrested, but never cured. It often happens that cattle are sold appearing well, and when slaughtered are found to have diseased lungs. Sometimes in the center of the lungs will deal, and lung, diseased portion is found which is dead, and separated by nature from the living part being surrounded by nature from the living part being surrounded by nature from the living part being surrounded

every thing that pertains to healthy development, such as air, exercise, succulent food to improve digestion, and in feeding, a regular supply of good water, good hay, straw, and corn stalks,—every thing good in fact,—but by and by all eight sorts, keep animals in condition, and what you lack gain up in guile.

Having said thus much, I am prepared to give my emphatic testimony in favor of *higher feeding* on the part of farmers generally. On a recent visit to Jesse Jonnings, of Ontario, I took note of some of his animals, which very well illustrate the advantages of high feeding. No. 1, a three-year-old steer, weighed at 21 months old, 1,500 lbs., less than two tons 1,375 pounds.—No. 2, a three-year-old cow, which raised a lusty calf, weighed, at 5 months, eleven months old, 1,325 pounds. Mr. Jennings feeds these sheep,—and as they do not usually exhibit at fairs, the manner in which they are kept,—one and one-half pounds of grain per head a day, it being part oil meal. He estimates that one-half pounds a day of corn meal might feasder or otherwise lay upon sheep, but if confined in all day, they will bear it. He is quite partial to buckwheat for sheep. I hope Mr. Jennings will furnish the Rural with the results of his year's feeding, though this winter is hardly a fair test, as he grains, for sheep were very high in the fall, and low now,—but it is always important to know how much animals grow on a given amount of food. But he will cypher a little on the eleven months last. It cost in spring and summer say one dollar, it had been fed grain to 3 months, (113 lbs.) worth one dollar, say 40 cents, and was worth ch the start one dollar,—fattenening to 21 old. I would give for it 14 dollars at present, or $6.50,—but about twice what it cost, at a high estimate.

I also took note of two cows which Mr. Jennings bought Nov. 1st, 1861, weighing 110 lbs. for the pair. Those he kept till Feb. 1861, feeding them grain costing $3.25, hay $6 ton,&c. On 1st straw, which we will set off against the manure, pasture 3 1-2, and grain, and pasture for their lambs till 1st Feby $1.00, amounting to 75, as the cost of corn and hay. When he sold the cows, they weighing 350 lbs, for $13.45, their wool for $3.50, and their lambs worth $5.00, amounting to $27.95 for the sheep which cost $11.75, leaving for profit $15.75 in the spring of 61 and 62 months and 7 days. Bigger results are sometimes obtained under high feeding men, but these sheep were for the *butcher*, and they certainly afford no discouragement to *high feeding*.

Mr. Jennings objects to feed wether lambs well from the start, and turn them at about twenty months old, when he says they average 70 per head, as sometimes done better to keep them till they are shaved the second time. He has a horror of *fine* sheep and cattle,—says his bad rather pay 2½ cents per pound for sheep, well conditioned stock, than 1½ cents for lean ones.

Mr. Jennings has sometimes overfed his sheep with grain, inducing apoplexy, which he remedies by administering oil. He deems 1½ pounds safe for a sheep if it is put on meal, or buckwheat, and would let thinks the highest feed that is admissible. Mr. Jennings has a store of remarkable power of early development, which he expects to keep a year or so longer, though from feed, because what is grown at hanefforth will be tallow and meat, the offal not increasing, and of course the animal will be worth more per pound. I wish farmers who sell their animals to market would consider that bone, blood and intestines are half, but sold hide, set at a fair count at the *Astor House*.—T. T. S.

MINNESOTA—SHEEP, GRAIN, &c.

Hon. Rural New-Yorker,—A friend from Livingston county, N. Y., wrote me to know whether sheep do well here, and whether wolves like mutton.

I answered as follows: After writing him, it occurred to me that many other readers of *Tree paper*, may own sheep, and are asking themselves and neighbors will it do to keep sheep on land worth $10 per acre? If so, would, if they had some friend in Minnesota, like to propound the same question, and that I might not be much them through the columns of your journal. To all such I answer, emphatically, yes. Sheep do well here, and wolves like mutton; but don't start, friend, one on account. I won't take sheep there, but decides the question. Minnesota has been settled about six years, and in that time the early inhabitants have improved sheep,superintendent to the contrary notwithstanding, and there are but few to be found in this, or the adjoining counties. A number of years having been seen some four miles east of me dusting the past season, and a friend of mine keeps 200 sheep in that region, and no harm befel them from that source. The wolf thought about visiting them, but fear from them.

I have lived here two years, and during that time there have been brought into this county something over 3,000 sheep, mostly fine-wooled. I have sought opportunities to converse with their owners, and they all agree in saying that those brought from Illinois and Michigan about a better clip than they did then, that the sheep are remarkably healthy, and the lambs are thrifty. Speaking of Illinois reminds me that Wisconsin, to-St. Peter, Rochester, and other Western settlements, and I can find opportunities to observe sheep going into those localities, and can testify to the fact that many good sheep are going West and North.

One reason, no doubt, why sheep do so well here is owing to our climate, which is so dry all winter, Both sheep and their residents agree on that point. We have no sleets, and scarcely any rains during the months of winter. Winter sets in, in the latter part of December, and, as a general thing, the first snow remains until the ground opens. The winter of '59–'60 was quite mild. We had little snow, and were there four inches on a level at one time. Wheat was sown on the 17th day of March, 1860, and yielded 24 bushels per acre. The past winter the snow has not exceeded one foot in depth, while a brother in Iowa, who lives about 150 miles south of here, writes me that he has been two feet deep there.

Ordinary sheep bring about $2.50 per head, while those sold to the Government Spanish Merino contract from $5.00 to $6.00. The farmers, with their last year's wheat crops in, pick up from the land lookers, and thousands of bushels of wheat would have been converted into sheep had fall, and wintered, were they to be had. Most of those brought here will be sold on shares, and I do not think that a man could have his own stock out of the 3,000 in the county, at a reasonable price. Farmers in Livingston, Monroe, and Ontario counties, may find Cody's pen and Wool and buy a quarter section of land, which can be had as fine as ever lay out of doors for from $500 to $800 per quarter, with good water and good hay, and seed corn at hand

HORTICULTURAL.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

ANNUALS AND THEIR CULTURE.

We continue our descriptions of the best annuals and their proper culture. Here we will remark that it is better to cultivate one variety well, than a hundred in an indifferent manner. Many a man has gained a world-wide reputation by making a *specialty* or hobby, if you please, of a particular flower. Who, among the lovers of flowers, has not heard of Peter-PAUP and his celebrated French Asters. The thorough culture of a variety,—growing specimens so fine as to surprise yourself, and that would be considered respectable in a Horticultural Show in London or Paris, will afford more pleasure than acres of neglected flowers.

The PHLOXES is one of the chief ornaments of the garden. It is a native of South America. The white variety was discovered in 1835, and the purple in 1836. By hybridization, and care in selecting seed from the best plants only, a great number of good sorts have been obtained, far surpassing the original in size and beauty. But it is only within the last two or three years that the effort to improve the habit has been rewarded with marked success. We now have dwarf-like plants remarkable for beauty and size. The French were the first to succeed; but we saw seedlings of HENRY ANDRÉ & BERRY last season, far superior to any of the French varieties that have come under our observation. We measured good double flowers four inches and a half in diameter.

The GAILLARDIAS are interesting and showy plants, though not generally cultivated in our gardens. When sown in a hotbed or cold frame, they commence flowering with the first season in July, and continue until frost. For sowing in the open ground, a dry location with a warm exposure should be selected. There are several varieties, differing principally in the markings, the prevailing colors being dark red, orange, and yellow. *Aristata* has yellow rays. *Bicolor*, crimson and yellow. *Picta*, orange, red, and yellow. *Atro sanguinea*, dark red, edged with cream white. There are several new varieties which we have not yet flowered, but shall do so the present season.

CONVOLVULUS.—The *Dwarf Convolvulus*, of which there are now several fine varieties, differing only in color, is one of the most beautiful of our hardy annuals. It is a native of Spain, and grows in the open, pretty early; but the plants should not be allowed to stand nearer than eighteen inches.

The *Convolvulus major*, or Morning *Glory*, is one of the most showy and popular of our climbing annuals. It makes an excellent covering for porches, arbors, or unsightly out-buildings. The seed should be sown in a shallow drill, and covered lightly, and the plants left a foot apart, or they will smother each other in the spring, they will bloom in July.

SWEET PEA, *Lathyrus odoratus*, has been popular so long as we can remember, and is one of the most fragrant and beautiful of our annual flowers. It can now be obtained of almost every color, from white to the darkest purple, as well as striped. Seed should be planted just as soon as the soil is in a proper condition to work, in deep trenches, and the plants should not be allowed to stand nearer than eighteen inches.

The *Convolvulus tricolor*, or Morning *Glory*, is one of the most showy and popular of our climbing annuals. It makes an excellent covering for porches, arbors, or unsightly out-buildings. The seed should be sown in a shallow drill, and covered lightly, and the plants left a foot apart, or they will smother each other in the spring, they will bloom in July.

SWEET PEA, *Lathyrus odoratus*, has been popular so long as we can remember, and is one of the most fragrant and beautiful of our annual flowers. It can now be obtained of almost every color, from white to the darkest purple, as well as striped. Seed should be planted just as soon as the soil is in a proper condition to work, in deep trenches, and the plants should not be allowed to stand nearer than eighteen inches.

The *Convolvulus major

Ladies' Department.

LINES TO KATE.

BY A. STOREY.

[It has been our custom to ignore all defamatory poetical effusions, but these "Lines to Kate" are good enough to shelf of an exception to a rule heretofore strictly observed.]

There's something in the name of Kate
Which many will condemn;
But Kates now shan't offend,
The taste of some of them.

There's olive Kate, a charming miss,
Could you her hand obtain,
You'd lead you to the path of bliss,
Nor plead your cause in vain.

There's fair Kate, a modest dame,
And worthy of your love,
She's wise and beautiful in frame—
As gentle as a dove.

Common Kates intelligent,
As we may well suppose;
Her fruitful mind is ever bent
On letting what she knows.

There's white Kate, she's so clever,
You'll have to look out,
For she is often very sore
To pay you what you owe.

Present Kate is a stubborn maid,
Always has been her way,
The very last one of mother's stock
Orgiebe to all you say.

There's also Kate, a spotted part,
Much given to dignity;
Her passing happiness, never cast—
You cannot her refute.

There's Kate Kate quite in a set,
Who fails to gain her point,
Her case is quite unfortunate,
And sorely out of joint.

Expert Kate is one we all wot,
The kitty would in debate;
She is in boldness not useless,
You cannot have her mate.

There's vain Kate, she's good and true,
And interest with all her might
Her daily industry to do,
And battles for the right.

There's mail Kate, a country lass,
Quite fond of rural scenes,
She loves to ramble o'er the grass
And through the evergreens.

Of all the names you can find,
There's none like sly Kate,
Because she elevates the mind,
And aims for something great.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

FRIENDSHIP.

Never mind friendship, if you put it from you now, the day may come that you will weep in vain for its return. In the stormy day of prosperity, when troops of friends surround you, and hope is ever on the wing, you may not feel the need of the love you now chill by indifference. While there are enough to greet you with a smile, and the sources of enjoyment are so abundant, what is it that you feel? I replied one that would have been your friend: Your heart beat, you said in many instances—perhaps, this out with the rough setting will not be missed. But there comes a change. Some day when Prosperity took the clay to form man, he tempered it with tears. Certain it is that the fire of sorrow and weeping will eventually come. Where are we all those friends who once reached out the social hand? They have turned away to greet the world's more favored ones. The region of taste and sights is unexplored. Strange, is it, to you? Search for gather around, with the dark wing of misfortune hovering over your head? And then they have gone away to bask in the sunny uplands, while you carry your burden alone in the valley. The friendship you neglected from your bosom, how sweet it would be to you now.

If misfortune was attended by no other advantage, it would be a blessing in teaching us who are our real friends. If prosperity always smiled, we should never fathom our own hearts nor those of others. Adversity is our touch-stone, and weeping, at best, is frail. It gleams upon our pathway like a bright, beautiful star, then vanishes, and we are left in the shadow. Why is it that everything bright and lovely must perish? The sweet birds sing and we only catch them,—the rose an ocean blushes in its richest bloom than it springs to die,—the sweetest songs we open the ear and are forgotten,—and human sympathy, the most precious earthly gift, is often the frail it is! An unexpected word, a heedless act, are a revulsion from the path of rectitude in one we love, how does it chill the heart and open to the fount of distrustful prejudice. Why were sensibility and honesty, and manly conduct, and why we made with instinct to enjoy them? We are only transient here, homeward bound, and can't these shows or grains of heavenly love allure us onward to a world all brightness and love. We are in a dark land, and if many wonders and wakers always surrounded us, we should never wish for the haven. When we have passed the vestibule of the terrestrial pilgrimage—we shall, if purified from earth's stains, enjoy friendships never to be dissolved. Shall we then look back upon the rough path of life and think of the heavy burdens we bore, and the many disciples we passed through? If so, how shall our spirits rejoice over every experience by which our hearts were made tender. Each dear buried hope, and false friends, will be looked upon as difficult but useful lessons to teach us that the earth was not our rest. BERENICE.

Berlin, Wis., 1857.

A GOOD WIFE.—I account a pure, beautiful, intelligent, and well bred woman, the most desirable object of vision and contemplation in the world. An amiable, sister, and wife, such a woman is a ministering grace and goodness, and makes a heaven of the home which is sanctified and glorified by her presence. As an element of society, she invites into finest communication all that is good in the heart, and rhymes into secrecy and silence all that is unbecoming and despicable. There may be more of greatness and of glory in the higher developments of the intellectual, merely, in womanhood God most delights to show the beauty of the holiness and the sweetness of the love of which he is the infinite source. It is for this reason that a wifely young man on a vicious old one makes me sigh or shudder. It is for this reason that I pray that I may wive worthily to young women.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

Of all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service, and pays the bitterest wages. To revive in us what the *sorrow of our misery* is worse—to be sure of it.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MOUNTAINS.

Bare walkers on the mountains
Tis the right,
With their eagerly pleasing footsteps
Gaining to the light.
Tour or mine;
Ever welcome, ever pleasant,
To the free and to the penned,
Whether crowned with the sunny ray,
Or with evening's vesper,
Fair is earth, and fair the soft pride bowing;
Fair is summer, even when they bring flowering,
When they bring of their sweetness to the living,
On their overcreeping roots;
Fair is spring,
As if with new-fledged wing,
Every bird should sing,
To better wise the season's offering;
But higher still, most fair,
In coldness, when the year,
Sees the forest-leaves drop and pass a-by,
Is contributed to despair
October hangs her banner there;
A thousand eyes will meet it,
A thousand hearts will greet it,
Great be glory and its glow—
Till comes winter with his wreath,
And bears its beauty to the heath
Pinkerton, N. Y., 1857. F. O

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, at the 15th of August, 1771. His father was a writer to the "Signet." His mother was a woman of very high intellectual powers, and of considerable poetical taste. He was a sickly child, and his right foot was by some cause so greatly injured as to render him lame during life. He was, however, a healthy child, and his early father, and spent much of his time with his grandfather, who was also fond of reading the stories of his own composition. Of course he was his grandfather's favorite. It is to his influence in these his teachers wished him to occupy in application to his studies, that is the deep-sensing. Dutch influence was only apparent; for he was laying up knowledge for future use. As he grew older he went and through the duties of Scotland, he was getting ready for his course of authorship.

In 1792 he was admitted member of Edinburgh, and in 1797 he became to advocate at the Scottish bar. In 1799 he married, and he gained one of the great eminence as a lawyer. His heart was not in his profession, and he therefore did not become a noted authorship. When he was about twenty-five years old, he met with a disappointment in love, which caused a complete failure, and the printed sheets of his poem were devoted to the service of a trunk maker. This disappointment was a blessed one to the world. He began to write, and in 1805, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was given to the world in print. It was successful; and in 1805 his fame was established by the publication of his poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." From this period, our subject became a popular author. As he grew in reputation, he was not above the "trifles and hoppy" spread all over the country. Scotland is rich in this, children are creatures of imitation, and if they become acquainted with one, they will be almost sure to copy it. We see their tendency to imitate developed at a comparatively early age. Indeed, it is almost the faculty of the mind which shows itself, and from the time it is fully exercised we may expect to see it more. What we do can day we are reproduced in our children the next. They grow up with our peculiarities modified by the circumstances which have permitted them to feel; and from their tendency to imitate, they will have written rules for their wisdom, our weaknesses rather than our strength, our errors rather than our virtues.

Parents must be careful not only to train up their children right, but to set them good examples before them and to enforce their obedience to it, that also to set before them nothing that is not worthy of imitation. Scott was a great man, but his life, as a whole, has always before him the best persuasive to the imitation of virtue; and how much of it was the result of his early habits of study, and his love of reading, and his reverence for the Bible, and his deep respection in regard to his own character and conduct.

—*S. S. Times.*

SNAPPING UP.

MAD dogs and moths are not the only snapping animals in the world. It is to be feared that most families are afflicted with six or more "snappers," who seem to exercise their whole ingenuity, especially at the table or around the family fireside. Whether it be a question of fact, of logic, with the open full of twinkling and fun, says:—"I look a walk with a friend, when this morning, about ten o'clock broke in. Now, John was just at that age when a boy begins to consider himself a man, and when he never makes a mistake; is always positive that everything he does, says, or thinks, is just exactly so, and that everybody else is in the wrong. My sister, how could you say it was six o'clock it was only just past ten o'clock!" "Because it was six. Every one of observation can, of his own knowledge, testify to the correctness of it.

The unseemly habit is sometimes observed in families whose position and acquirements would lead one to the supposition that everything vulgar would be carefully excluded from their conversation. The person criticised, not having access enough to pass over the boorishness, begins a defence; and before he can get out a word, "no excuse" is interposed, and the discomfiture is the awkward position of having made a series of ridiculous efforts to get a word in a matter of no possible consequence to any one of the company, and of which the whole company is aware. Or, one person is relating an incident to another, as there is a certain disagreeableness about it, and he is all but sure of how. "When that happened a minute or a month later or sooner? it is the general statement to which attention is directed. Sometimes, ridiculous, offensive, and vulgar as this company are clownish, they are clear proof that, in addition to the fact that a habit of interruption is a ungracious effect in a boor of the first water, and is therefore proficient in that accomplishment, a habit which are inseparable from a cultivated mind and a heart of the most refined sensibility. Indeed, the whole evening's enjoyment has been frequently injured, and all of the company have gone home with a kind of blight upon the faculties, from the presence of a few exempt by the impatient consideration and correction of some unimportant fact in a narration.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

ADVANTAGES OF LABOR.—The rich man pays dearly for health.—the laboring man is glad to be healthy. Luxurious living destroys health, but labor has strength, and a good pair of legs need not to be down about in a carriage. Carriages are like things for doctors. The more they increase the more need there will be of medicine and surgery, and those who never work, create for themselves pains, arm, delicate habits, and infirm or crooked spines. Labor has its joys as well as its sorrows, and the higher reward than that of wages. If this fact were better understood, no one would be idle. For health is it to work for no pay at all, than to suffer the ills of having nothing to do. A good appetite, healthy digestion, and a free circulation of blood, are among the blessings of labor.—*Ecleo.*

PLEASURE is sometimes only a change of pain. A man who has been all his life fond fete rain what he gain does to only exhaustion.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE CRITIC.

BY E. J. POPE.

I HEAR'D GOD'S WORD from the pulpit given
To mortals trespass-bound,
That through by infinite mercy and infinite Divine,
Yet they should not be lost.

A benefactor prophet stood before me,
Calming my troubled breast,
And when, when others were, the deep cause was me,
It whispered still of rest.

Of its fulfillment now I see the token
That then my spirit heard
And by it know the precious words there spoken
Shall never cease to be heard.

Oh, weary, fainting one, whose life is clouded
By your unworthiness,
Whose hope is dim, whose star of faith is shrouded
In grief too deep for tears,

Look upward; see the bow of promise bending
With radiant glory bright,
And from the throne of grace, the Lamb ascending
The dawn of Heavenly Light.

Alden, N. Y., 1857.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HOMES OF THE DEAD.

MAY dies and "goeth to his long home." It has been decreed of old, and princes and beggars, rulers and the ruled, bond and free, bow alike to the King of Terrors. Wherever may be found the habitations of the living, there also are the tombs of the dead, perhaps more in number, and with the same diversities of size, form, rank, and power always give. The pyramids of ancient Egypt, those wonderful monuments of skill, do but and mightily that they are the wonder of the whole world, are supposed to have been built for royal sepulchres, the sumptuous resting places of crowned heads. This also was the original design of the Coliseum, in which those immense galleries now gathered all ages, ranks, and classes of mankind,—the great congregation of the dead. In the far East, and also in modern graveyards, small chapels, or temples, are often erected to the honor of their dead, sometimes within the costly shrine, precious stones, and gold. There are those who have erected to their memory the richest shade and verdure, cultivated by the most skillful gardeners, and others, neglected by the clear of flowers, and the songs of birds.

Every city is surrounded by its "City of the Dead," some of the sculptured mausole and monumental pile, show forth the wealth and pretext of its possessor, while others vie with art in the simplicity of a "Silent City." No luxurious ones wander with weary feet and sad hearts, to the spot where the ashes of some returning relic to her bosom with the same fond love that watched over its infancy, and under pain go up from the haven of rest, "no longer of bread but of memories and hopes." Such is the "shade of labor, or sweet of busy industry," around being the inhabitants thereof.

Some and idle and low they lie,
Their useless mute are always quiet.
Yet one side rests in the dust,
And immobile granite, ice, and crust;
Yet one side rests in the dust.

Every town also has its church yard, and every church yard has its tombs, and the last the last haunt of many a mourner, where the wife rose bloom and shade shrubs, and where the widow's weeping flower bosoms sighs and winter winds wail,—where tears are shed, prayers offered, and high resolves made by the living.

The sun, Heavens, has its home for the dead,—
Its evening sun, and a field remain, away
Is smiling infant slumber in the undistressed cove.
In beds of green embroidered moss and weed,
Around their sable bosom the red coral shot grow,
And there the pitiful tear of mother be sunk,
And every part and to their mansion below."

And in a world where there are wastes and fertile fields, and rustic the fallen forest leaves with our careless feet, who can tell how many "homes of the dead" have been made, and how many human forms and brave hearts are here laid down with their brave arms, to enable us to enjoy in peace the lasting ground beyond the setting sun. Thus not only are they the consolation of the living and grave yards, homesteads as the "Homes of the Dead," but the whole earth is a "sacred home."

"It is the bold and acre of our God,
It is the place where human harvests grow."

Where the seed is sown in tears, and where by-and-by, whether beneath artic snows or tropic sun, on the battle-field or ocean desert, or beneath the rolling waves of ocean, in town or country, or wilderness, the dead shall, "as one sows not the body that shall be," providing we are numbered with the great family of the redeemed in a home with Christ.

Columbia Co., 1857. G. H. LEONARD.

CHRISTIANITY A WITNESS.—Christianity is a testimony of a martyrdom; every Christian is a martyr, or has been, or other ought to be. Every day we set forth the praises of him who has called him out of darkness into his marvelous light, or bears the marks of a Redeemer who died for the truth, ought also to be willing to die for the truth; if not on the cross or the stake, in the daily and perpetual crucifixion of self-love and the constant practice of self-denial; if not by the sword, in the daily and habitual use of the fellow-creatures, whose person or demand a second mile, or whose enmity requires from us the love of death. Thus the distinguishing characteristics, the very essence and definition of Christianity, is confessions; and the greatest crime towards God is silence. —*Venn.*

ANY TOWN PAPE.—There is not a spider hanging on the King's wall but feels the strand there is not a cattle that groweth in the corner of the churchyard but bears its purpose, and there is not a single insect fluttering in the breeze but accomplisheth some unknown end. Let us, then, not murmur, but bless, and fill it. If it be ever so little, if it is only to be a blade of wheat and decency of grass, do something in this great battle for God and truth.—*Spurgeon.*

TRUTH.—Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon your lips, and is ready to drop out before you are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's brain upon the rack, and woe then needs a great many more to make it good. Truth is one live it is rigid, fountain is all solid, and becomes substantial in all climes.

The Reviewer.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS: From the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort. With a Full View of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and of the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada. By John Lothrop Motley, LL.D., D.C.L., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, &c., &c. In two vols. 8vo. New York: Harper & Bros.

Considered as historical exposition the title of Mr. Motley grows up with so much rapidity. Seldom has a contemporary material prophecy been so fruitful as a basis on which. The Revolt of the Netherlands was a really great work. It was the most extraordinary conflict of the age, the nation which gave birth to Erasmus to Intellectual writings. He was followed in the footsteps of the patriot, the hero, and the people for historical portraiture. He was fortunate also in respect to the historians, who was born who could be classified with power. He writer of all adequate to the task, had unfortunate to describe the eighty years struggle of the Dutch, for their liberties and their religion. All these circumstances conspired to render the production of the first work of such author. The material in the hand of this article is a worthy continuation of the same, and was so widely acquainted to Mr. Motley's first work.

For English speaking readers there is an historical attaching to these volumes beyond that excited by the first published. In that work the author gave their remarkable period to English history which includes the struggle with Spain for the Netherlands, and the consequent growth of the commercial interest of the present time, as illustrated by the wide extent grow out of the want of a central power to govern the whole coast, and historic public, States of Holland. An almost individualism seems to be characteristic of all the dominant races, and it is only by dint of the most unbalanced, and sufferings the most severe, that a sufficient amount of and confidence can be acquired among them to secure unity in counsel, or energy in action. The interest in practical politics with which this work abounds, have a most significant reading for us in our conditions of dangers, division, and weakness. We would call the attention of our readers to this special issue of Mr. MOTLEY'S book. Whoever issues of might, will also have opportunity of appreciating the ability shown among the interest of our constitutions who sought by all means to guard against the folly, the baleful relief of disintegration by the full spirit of local jealousy and party supremacy.

Like the Revolt of the Netherlands, by our author, this work is full of the most charming description, stirring up and scenes and events, and displays the most comprehensive and philosophical grasp of the entire of which. The style is lucid, with just enough of that and brilliant excitement to keep the reader continually interested, and happily blest to the fatigue of going over so much miscellaneous is detail. There is nothing wanting of all our authority and in these respects, for when we remember that these two about voluminous and important portions of the history of the Dutch territory of Holland, we cannot but think of the enormous theories which the history of Motley Europe read 60, 0. Within with no more regard to the art of authorship.

The work is divided into four parts, each of which is a general unity in the mode of presenting the results of the author's mind, and perhaps no much time given to the independent investigation of the facts contained in the volumes of which the real subject matter of the history consists. The new portions of the work are those unearthed from state archives, which only of late have been open to the historian, but which are to the author who is to be one who has spent so much hard time to obtain them.

We may suggest, too, that to the United States, the work seems about to fill an those trying events which are being brought to a successful issue in the Netherlands. Taking our chest at certain points of view, surely all citizens may seem to have some other, but we should never forget that all the forms of nature and will are sure to unite in the All of a people who, like Switzerland, Holland, and we, owe to the attachment of freedom, or the realization of any great principles which form the soil of our common humanity. While reasoning to make these suggestions we would ask for a commendation to the fullest that we should not be misled by those weakness a unanimous tribute of the most highest praise. We would ask our readers, young or old, a better service than to recommend to their attention the whole the volumes which have so depicted the world-wide struggle of the people of Holland. As a State we owe them a debt not easily repaid. They contributed to our success in our peril before whom value has been too much overlooked. It is from that New Yorker's interest in the early settlement of the country and prolonged with the fortunes and history of the Dutch Republic. To Holland we owe the best model for the government which our fathers established. To Holland we owe the result of their revolution in England which made it easy in theory from the tyranny of the Stuarts. It is thus that our people at large owe to Holland the main drama of their British character and acknowledgment from the clever statements of Mr. Motley's volumes. For sale by Pudney & Russell.

THE INDEPENDENT HOME INSTRUCTOR: Being an Analysis and Detailed Account of the Various Branches to which the System Does not Subjected; together with the Latest Mode of Practically Applying it to Domestic Education. By Rev. Dr. Peile, English. By Edward Mayhew, B. S. C. L. Oxon. 12mo.—pp. 252. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Boston: Tappan, Whittemore & Mason. Cleveland: Jewett, Proctor & Worthington. For Sale by Pudney & Russell.

Here is a work that will receive a warm welcome from all those interested in the training of the home. And not alone is welcome, for we would not be surprised to see it do service in the school-room, where there requires instruction in the concerning the mode of teaching the various lessons to which this work has a subject. In addition to the work have reputation of the author, and his ability to treat the subject well, it is also to be a reader, the fact that it speaks the best concrete practice of talking after the manner of the pupil, or to learn by the more addressing necessarily the thoroughly educated understanding. Mr. Hamilton who has been in this field for many years, and has had the best of opportunities to view the subject from all sides, is well qualified to write a work which should render the profession of teacher more attractive, and which should enable any person who had read it carefully to intelligently engage without disgrace in the most trivial employment or pleasure occupation,—which, in case of emergency, could be substituted in the primary measure necessary to avert the progress of disease,—and which, when professional assistance could not be obtained, might even instruct the whole how to treat minor disorders in such a manner as to prevent a reasonable prospect of success. When the regular diet and simple form of treatment would be necessary, other ingredients and methods are not even beyond the reach of human medicine. Cleanly and simple modes are recommended. * * * * * The author has endeavored to anchor hieroglyphics and to avoid technicalities, but has not escaped the latter altogether, and the genius of style have been intentionally discarded."

The Illustrations, numbering more than 400, are well engraved, and well, through the medium of the eye, assist the pen in acquainting itself with the external manifestations of disease. The letter-press is in perfect keeping with all other matters connected with the composition of the volume. As a whole, the "Illustrated Home Doctor" is eminently worthy of the title which it bears, and of the confidence which will and will known tasks of the time which has created it to be presented to the American public in a garb so attractive. From the Publishers.

OUR NEIGHBOR; or, The Pictures of the Lakes and the Rivers. Cincinnati, O.: Applegate, [12mo.—pp. 400. Philadelphia: James Claxton & Son.

This was a work of great interest. Although the localities of which it treats are separated by only a few hours' travel from the great commercial centers of our country, still "Our Neighbor and his Surroundings" are, of a truth, "out in the woods" to most of the people. In each and every form, we are here furnished with the history, legend, scenery, products, &c., of this "Upper Country;" and the attractive portions are of great value. The author has brought every eighteen into use, with the view of producing a reliable and entertaining volume, consisting all works which in any manner could be made to assist in the perfecting of his project. The pages of the work are embellished with neat and applied engravings and the typography is excellent. It is for sale by Pudney & Russell, Rue St. Rochester.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS MADE AT SANDWICH, STATE OF ILLINOIS.

ANNUAL ABSTRACT—N. B. HALLOU, OBSERVER.

Latitude 41°, 31'. Longitude 88°, 31'. Height of Station above Sea, five hundred seventy-five feet.

1850.	Jan.	Feb.	March	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Annual Results.
Thermometer Monthly Mean	19.33	29.56	40.80	49.87	57.63	71.45	74.77	72.38	62.44	52.78	31.67	15.90	49.81
Highest Degree	52	61	71	76	86	91	95	95	89	87	65	50	100
Lowest Degree	1	8	28	36	41	52	58	54	41	30	15	1	1
Range	51	53	43	40	45	39	37	41	48	57	50	49	99
Warmest day	16	20	30	6	8	26	18	4	7	13	13	[illegible]	17th July.
Coldest day	2	1	13	20	1	7	11	19	30	23	25	12	2d December.
Greatest daily range of temperature	4.30	4.30	3.80	3.20	4.20	3.12	3.10	3.30	4.40	4.80	3.50	4.10	4.40
Winds	N.	3	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	3	3	3	N.
	N. E.	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	N. E.
	East	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	East
	S. E.	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	S. E.
	South	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	South
	S. W.	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	S. W.
	West	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	West
	N. W.	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	N. W.
Total of each Month	31	28	31	30	31	30	31	31	30	31	30	31	365
Prevailing Winds	W.	W.	W.	W.	W.	W.	W.	W.	W.	W.	W.	W.	W.
Rains of Winds	1.30	1.30	3.50	1.30	1.11	3.30	1.11	1.11	1.11	1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30
Depth of Rain	2.30	2.30	3.50	3.30	3.30	3.30	3.30	3.30	3.30	3.30	3.30	3.30	3.30
Cloudy days	10½	10	10½	10½	12½	8	10½	10½	8	10½	10½	10½	120½
Fair days	20½	18	20½	19½	18½	22	20½	20½	22	20½	19½	20½	244½
Rain and Snow	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	36
Amount of water in inches	3.70	3.07	1.56	3.40	7.50	3.10	3.70	3.70	3.70	3.30	4.10	3.77	39.40

REMARKS.—We give the above abstract of the Meteorology of 1850 at Sandwich, Ill., for comparison with our own abstract, published in the Rural of January 18th. The observer in the latitude of the two places extends a degree and a half, and in the longitude ten degrees and two-thirds. The elevation of Sandwich above the sea is three hundred and seventy-five feet more than that of Rochester by the barometer by 375 feet, and the water falls there about seven inches more than here. The amount of rain-fall is about the same in both places, but the greater elevation of Sandwich would lead us to expect more frequent and heavier falls of snow than here. The heaviest fall of snow in Rochester during the winter of 1849-50 was but 18 inches, and the heaviest fall recorded in the Rural was 20 inches. The greatest number of days in which the ground was covered with snow in Rochester was 50, and the greatest depth was 18 inches. The greatest number of days in which the ground was covered with snow at Sandwich was 36, and the greatest depth was 12

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
A Card—Nicholas & Agriculture.
Hay Rakers and Mowers—Wm. Dodge & Brother.
Wanted—Agents—Wm. Dodge & Brother.
Wanted—Agents to Sell Improved Family Fruit Press—Rochester Novelty Manufacturing Co.
Agents Wanted—Wm. Dodge & Brother.
Agents Wanted—Chandler & Co.
Fruit Trees—C. E. Hall.
Fruit Trees—Wm. Reid, Jr.
Fruit Trees—Ellwanger & Barry.
Choice Seedling Potatoes—S. Edwards & Co.
Choice Seedling Potatoes—S. Edwards & Co.'s Book.
Seed Potatoes—Wm. Thompson & Co., & Tuthill.
Seed Potatoes—Wm. Thompson & Co., & Tuthill.
Seed Potatoes—Wm. Thompson & Co., & Tuthill

The Publisher to the Public.

To All Our Readers.

A New Quarter of the RURAL *commenced with April, and subscriptions and remarks are specially in order now—to commence with April, or January if preferr'd.*

☞ *The very liberal* SPECIMEN PREMIUMS and TERMS *Offers offered for Clubs formed before April, are* EXTENDED TO MAY, *so that Agents Friends Subscribers and others have another month to secure the Valuable Prizes. Send the list (including the name of* FLOWER SEEDS,) *in Rural of April 6th, and see if it will not pay to form a club. Thousands would readily subscribe for the paper if asked. Will not the friends have the kindness to act that such are invited?*

Back Numbers of this Volume will be sent to New Subscribers, until otherwise announced; but all wishing them should *subscribe Soon.*

☞ The Terms in published notices upon the main screens—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, and always discontinued when the subscription expires. Hence, when the paper comes it will keep on until broken, unless the subscription is renewed. The Publication is also either the best or best September and Postmaster.

☞ Uniform with the Magazine, &c.—We will send the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1865 and a *really copy of either the Atlantic, Harper, Godey, or any other* $3 *magazine,* for $4. *The Rural, or either the Horticulturist, Harper, Magazine, Arthur's Magazine, or any other* $3 *magazine,* for $3. Canada subscribers must add the necessary postage.

☞ Associated Effort leads to success in canvassing for periodicals, as well as in other enterprises. For instance, if you are hunting for well to Send a club for the RURAL. Now is the time to commence. Let the Rural be introduced where every person or parent who is fond to join with or assist you—adding their names to those you may procure and send for all together. Other kinds of Size, and set upon the supervision if convenient.

☞ Voluntary agents for the RURAL.—Any and every Subscriber or reader is requested to act in behalf of the RURAL, by forming clubs or otherwise. Now is the time for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and its cause it advocates. Will not every one make an effort, or something more than so, in behalf of a paper that we want six readers in showing the paper—that's the best way to secure new subscribers. Please then in order to make their first samples for thinking.

Special Notices.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS!

To those who wish to purchase a perfect "Converted Reaper and Mower," we would say that "Ball's Ohio Reaper and Mower" is manufactured at the Auburn Prison by Messrs. Bass, Dodge & Parmly, sole proprietors for the State of New York, for the use of those valuable patents. The machine is made of the best materials, and warranted to be a perfect Mower or Reaper, and will work without clogging any kind of grain or grass, either wet or dry.

The Mower has a low driving Gear, a fast Cutter-bar, with polished wrought iron guards, plated in the Best with Cast Steel, and tempered.

The Reaping attachment has a Finger Bar as polished wrought iron guards, plated in the Best with Cast Steel, and tempered. By means of levers at the Driver's Seat the Fingers can be raised, lowered, or thrown out of gear, so that the machine can be delivered to the purchaser for the value of $100. Mowers are usually sold without interest, or $160 cash. The Mower is $70 less.

The agents for Monroe County are

J. W. Hannah, of Clifton, Monroe Co., N. Y.
Daniel Kingsley, of Pittsford, Monroe Co., N. Y.

HOARSENESS AND SORE THROAT

"Brown's Bronchial and Asthmatic Troches" ("Cooking Gum") an essential sacrifice of the vocal organs, may at any time be restored by allaying the irritation of *Dysentery, Bronchial Troches,* or Cough Lozenges, to theatres slowly in the mouth. Singers, Orators and Public Speakers will find them of peculiar advantage.

☞ We have found them of great service in allaying Bronchial Irritation, and in relieving hoarseness produced by Colds.—*Rev. Barnas Wiss, Ed. Editor of Zion's Herald.*

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
Rochester, April 8, 1865.

Flour.—We have no change to note in prices, but the demand is good. Most of the flour coming in finds ready sale at our city Eastern markets. Meal has declined 12½ cents, and is selling to the trade at $3 50 @ 3 56 ℔ bbl.

Grain.—Wheat is the last quoted. Corn is dropping; all things else, new is not wanted, and has also. We have had 3 cents on the basket during the week. Only new escape from grain sacks. Beans being offered at $2 50 @ 2 60 per bush., poor lots are worth any thing.

Malt and Hops are without change.

Seeds.—Timothy is in good demand at $3 50@4. Last was sold at $3 75. Clover Seed is dull at

Ashes.—Dried Apples have lost 1c @ 2c; Cherries have gone up 1c; Peaches are 1c @ 2c lower.

Maple Sugar has been rather scarce, but as the trade improves the quality increases. Scrabbles are now sold at 9@10; 11 @ 12 per cwt, but the prospect seems to favor a reduction.

Hay.—Best timothy sells at $1 @ 1 per ton.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

Flour, extra	$11 00@12 00	Potatoes	1 00@1 25
Flour, spring wht	9 00@10 00	Onions, per bu	1 00@1 25
Flour, winter wht	10 00@11 00	Cabbage, per doz	1 00@1 25
Flour, buckwheat	4 50@5 00	Beets, per bu	1 00@1 25
Wheat, Genesee	1 75@1 80	Apples, dried	6 @ 8c
Wheat, white	1 70@1 75	Apples, green	1 50@2 00
Wheat, red	1 60@1 70	Peaches, dried	12 @ 14c
Corn, old	80@90	Cherries, dried	20 @ 22c
Corn, new	70@80	Plums, dried	12 @ 14c
Oats	40@45	Prunes, dried	12 @ 14c
Barley	1 00@1 10	Hides, dry	12 @ 13c
Beans, white	2 50@2 60	Hides, green	7 @ 8c
Beans, colored	2 00@2 25	Calfskins, dry	18 @ 20c
Peas, field	1 50@1 60	Calfskins, green	12 @ 13c
Buckwheat	2 25@2 50	Sheepskins	1 50@2 00
Beef, cwt	6 00@7 00	Tallow, rough	5 @ 6c
Pork, cwt	8 00@9 00	Tallow, rendered	10 @ 11c
Lard	14 @ 15c	Wool, fleece	60 @ 65c
Butter, firkin, &c	30 @ 32c	Wool, unwashed	45 @ 50c
Butter, roll	35 @ 38c	Wool, pulled	50 @ 55c
Cheese	18 @ 20c	Coal, Lehigh	8 00@8 50
Eggs, dozen	20 @ 22c	Coal, Pittston	8 00@8 50
Turkeys	18 @ 20c	Coal, Shamokin	8 00@8 50
Chickens	14 @ 16c	Coal, Blossburg	8 00@8 50
Ducks @ pair	75@1 00	Coal, Scranton	8 00@8 50
Geese	1 00@1 25	Wood, soft	4 00@4 50
Butter, firkin, &c	30 @ 32c	Wood, hard	5 00@5 50
Butter, roll	35 @ 38c	Straw, tun	12 00@13 00
Cheese	18 @ 20c	Hay, tun	20 00@22 00
Eggs, dozen	20 @ 22c	Hay, pressed	22 00@24 00
Turkeys	18 @ 20c	Hay, loose	18 00@20 00
Chickens	14 @ 16c	Timothy seed	3 50@4 00
Ducks @ pair	75@1 00	Clover seed	12 00@13 00
Geese	1 00@1 25	Flax seed	2 25@2 50
Potatoes	1 00@1 25	Dried Apples	8 @ 9c
Onions, per bu	1 00@1 25	Dried Cherries	20 @ 22c
Cabbage, per doz	1 00@1 25	Dried Peaches	12 @ 14c
Beets, per bu	1 00@1 25	Dried Plums	12 @ 14c
Apples, dried	6 @ 8c	Dried Prunes	12 @ 14c
Apples, green	1 50@2 00	Hides, dry	12 @ 13c
Peaches, dried	12 @ 14c	Hides, green	7 @ 8c
Cherries, dried	20 @ 22c	Calfskins, dry	18 @ 20c
Plums, dried	12 @ 14c	Calfskins, green	12 @ 13c
Prunes, dried	12 @ 14c	Sheepskins	1 50@2 00
Hides, dry	12 @ 13c	Tallow, rough	5 @ 6c
Hides, green	7 @ 8c	Tallow, rendered	10 @ 11c
Calfskins, dry	18 @ 20c	Wool, fleece	60 @ 65c
Calfskins, green	12 @ 13c	Wool, unwashed	45 @ 50c
Sheepskins	1 50@2 00	Wool, pulled	50 @ 55c
Tallow, rough	5 @ 6c	Coal, Lehigh	8 00@8 50
Tallow, rendered	10 @ 11c	Coal, Pittston	8 00@8 50
Wool, fleece	60 @ 65c	Coal, Shamokin	8 00@8 50
Wool, unwashed	45 @ 50c	Coal, Blossburg	8 00@8 50
Wool, pulled	50 @ 55c	Coal, Scranton	8 00@8 50
Coal, Lehigh	8 00@8 50	Wood, soft	4 00@4 50
Coal, Pittston	8 00@8 50	Wood, hard	5 00@5 50
Coal, Shamokin	8 00@8 50	Straw, tun	12 00@13 00
Coal, Blossburg	8 00@8 50	Hay, tun	20 00@22 00
Coal, Scranton	8 00@8 50	Hay, pressed	22 00@24 00
Wood, soft	4 00@4 50	Hay, loose	18 00@20 00
Wood, hard	5 00@5 50	Timothy seed	3 50@4 00
Straw, tun	12 00@13 00	Clover seed	12 00@13 00
Hay, tun	20 00@22 00	Flax seed	2 25@2 50
Hay, pressed	22 00@24 00	Dried Apples	8 @ 9c
Hay, loose	18 00@20 00	Dried Cherries	20 @ 22c
Timothy seed	3 50@4 00	Dried Peaches	12 @ 14c
Clover seed	12 00@13 00	Dried Plums	12 @ 14c
Flax seed	2 25@2 50	Dried Prunes	12 @ 14c
Dried Apples	8 @ 9c		
Dried Cherries	20 @ 22c		
Dried Peaches	12 @ 14c		
Dried Plums	12 @ 14c		
Dried Prunes	12 @ 14c		

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, April 8.—Market heavy and inactive. Sales at $1,000,000 gold; sterling, $1 55@1 56; gold, $1 35@1 36; silver, $1 30@1 31; Treasury notes, $1 30@1 31

THE WELCOME BACK.

Swallow is the first that brings us home,
Where all are spring to welcome;
Before hands are striving as we come
To the first to greet us.
When the wood hath spent its leaves and weeds,
And now has been every grieving,
The sweet is here from our roving path,
And find a double blessing.
Oh, joyfully come is the homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

The Story-Teller.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

CHARLEY HOLMES;
OR
THE CONSEQUENCES OF INDECISION.

BY MRS. M. A. SAYRES.

[Continued from page 120, last number.]

CHAPTER III.

More than a year had gone by after Nellie's death, and during that time Mr. Holmes had been making of which to complain in her son, when he one day received Mr. Segar in great excitement, having heard at school that his father was to move to a Western State, and as he had been reading of the large rivers, extensive prairies, and endless variety of water fowl, and animals of that region, he was greatly interested and hoped, above all things, that the report was true. His mother informed him that there was a lovely prospect upon the money matter, and that all business men were greatly troubled with the "hard times," and if his father succeeded in selling the goods for Western land, as he hoped to do, they should soon be rich. When Mr. Segar came in to tea, he was beset by questions from CHARLEY in regard to the location of the farm for which he was negotiating; how it looked, whether there was a variety of fruit trees, where he could fish, and soon with door in them, waiting to be caught. His fatherwell him that there were not only deer in that country, but panthers, and bears, and he might be glad to see him as he possibly could be to meet them; and that there was no place where he could find enough to amuse him.

"I know that," replied CHARLEY, "but shall we live near a village where I can go to school and have plenty of boys to play with?"

"No, my," replied his father, "we shall be in the heart of the forest, and you will be thrown upon yourself, and have to be home-sick; and, by the by, I consider that the best feature of the case; for a boy so easily contented as you are, should be kept as far as possible from temptation. Then turning to his wife, Mr. Holmes said: "I was making an affording to-day, of a boy by the name of ANTHONY LANE, and he CHARLEY seems to will exactly fit—tall, well-built, handsome, healthy, and drawing his share a little nearer, and,

"Now, father, please begin."

"ANTHONY LANE," commenced Mr. HOLMES, "was the son of a poor and industrious parents, who resided in a village in the eastern part of New York; and being the only child, his mother centered all her affections upon him, often imprinting a kiss upon his ruddy forehead as she charged him to be good, and true to himself, his parents, and his God; and then prolonged strong restrictions to obey. But then, dear boy, you, he was in the way of temptation, those restrictions were soon forgotten, and he manifested a disposition to get and keep the secrets of boys, even when they were pleasing his own rule. Into one half-dozen came a good day for the boys of that village, and hundreds of people, with their large and new vegetables, and beautiful animals, flocked to the annual Agricultural Fair. ANTHONY was one of the first group, and, and, with an inquisitiveness peculiar to active boys, he determined to see all there was to be seen. He had not long wandered over the field before he fell into the company of two or three other boys, himself who volunteered to be their guide to show him the curiosities of the place, and notwithstanding they were perfect strangers, he readily accepted their company, and the three were soon on cordial friends. These strangers were practical jokers, and knew well how to entice the unsuspecting boy on to accomplish their purposes, they were polite, and full, offering ANTHONY many a little favor in the way of nibbles, as they passed around the lot. At length, when they supposed they had sufficiently gained his confidence, they proposed that he should accompany them out, where money was to be had for the people [illegible], and not think of spending his days plodding on stupidly, in that out of the way place. ANTHONY was quite eager to enter upon such a career, and proposed to find his father and lay the thing before him. To this the boys objected, telling him that this his father was a hundred years behind the age, and would surely oppose his going. "Go ahead, my mate," said when your pockets are full filled with money, they will be glad to receive you back." To this ANTHONY said that they managed till they obtained a promise from ANTHONY, and before twelve o'clock had quitted his home for the wider world.

Arriving after a few days at Cleveland, they put up at a public house, where the three engaged a room together, but ANTHONY was supposed only to occupy it when he went to bed; he took around a little in the city; should not return till daylight, but was to make sure they handed over to him the sum total of a quantity of rich jewelry, which they professed to have come in exchange. Charging him to be careful until their return, they again left, but not long after, the latter was opened by a constable, who, with other gentlemen, walked in and commenced a search. The stolen goods were found with ANTHONY, and after a trial, he was sentenced to labor for years hard labor in the State prison. Poor ANTHONY, he had been in bad company, but they had now forsaken him and left him to bear the consequences of his folly, and to suffer. Unable to find out their home, sometimes he would distribute to write to his parents, but his infamy and shame compelled him to cast his pen aside, and being completely overwhelmed he yielded himself to his fate, and the massive doors of the prison were shut upon him, and he was lost to himself, his parents, and the world. No smile lighted upon his youthful face, no tear came to moisten the burning heat of his eye; despair settled upon his soul, and showed itself in every line and act. For after day he toiled on, amid fascinating keeping, and sometimes the punishment observed by others, fell upon him; yet he went to duty, to labored fide, and heard not, and complaining.

A year, which seemed as long to him as his whole former life, went by, and as new ray of light or hope, fell upon his crushed spirit; his bloom of health which once played upon his cheek, and sparkled in his eye, gave place to the hue of death. It was evident to all who saw him, that he was fast sinking. At length a message arrived at his prison, stating that being a man of great kindness of heart, felt a deep interest in all of the boys under his care; but for ANTHONY his pity was particularly excited. His days sickness and failing health determined him to inquire into his history, and when he learned that his was, day after day, neglected. Being in a store one day he purchased a blank book, and pen, and a newspaper, and the words "Last Day" particularly attracted his attention, and he read with a feeling interest of a boy, by the name of ANTHONY LANE, that so recently journeyed his prisoner, that he determined to visit him day after day and learn his history. When the convicts were all shut up for the night, ANTHONY was sent for, and during the remainder of the day, or evening, he came with his usual doleful and despondent look.

"What is your name?" asked the warden, as he sat before him.

"ANTHONY," he replied, without raising his eyes.

"Anthony what?" asked the warden. After a moments hesitation, he replied,

"ANTHONY LANE."

"Where is your home and mother?"

ANTHONY then brightened, and he asked, with a tone of interest, "Have you been to my home? Is she still alive and well?"

The warden's kindly father chord was touched, and the tears fell thick and fast from his sunken cheeks as he replied, "I have been to your home, my boy, and it affords the very depths of his soul, and as he spoke, he buried his face in his hands and sobbed, exclaimed, "TRUTH! that's me!"

"I will write," said the warden, "and tell them where you are."

"Oh no," exclaimed ANTHONY, "it will break mother's heart, for she has long since given me up for lost."

"But," replied the warden, "it will be a relief for her to know where you are, and that you are among the pitiful."

A letter was accordingly sent, giving the particulars of ANTHONY'S unhappy connection with the vagabond boys, his present location, and asking for a reply. After writing a suitable time, ANTHONY daily inquired for an answer, but the disappointment each time increased his sorrow. Many of the prisoners were settling over his heart again, when he was one day informed that a letter was for him. He broke the clergyman of his native place, and stated that ANTHONY'S mother was dead, and that she had died having spent most of their fortune in looking for their lost child. The letter was not liable to reach, and the writer was fast sinking under her trials. In conclusion, the clergyman promised to forward money to him, and to take his discharge papers and for ANTHONY'S pardon.

ANTHONY was highly pleased and poised, sometimes laughing, and then weeping; but hope finally predominated, and he was never again known to be seen improved daily. While the warden and clerk were busy in getting his discharge papers and making out the letter, an aged man hurriedly entered, exclaiming, "Where is my son, where is ANTHONY?"

The prisoner was pale, but the meeting can never be described, or forgotten, by those who witnessed it. The aged man passed from the arms of ANTHONY, the father himself to the warden, and after expressing to him his gratitude, requested him to take his watch or any, or everything he had, for his kindness to his unfortunate child. The warden was liable to scorn, and refused. A purse was soon obtained, and ANTHONY, after a confinement of a little more than a year, was restored to a citizen's dress, and allowed to return to his parents. The house of obedience was dearly bought, and ANTHONY was never known to wish it forgotten."

MRS. HOLMES listened with the greatest interest to this sad story, and earnestly promised to keep an eye on any unfriend scrawny upon the vicinity.

CHAPTER IV.

Had you called at the residence of Mr. HOLMES early in September, you would have seen boxes upon boxes piled in the front, side, and garden, and the workmen were loading up their casks, and moving everything toward the depot. CHARLEY, with two or three of his choicest playmates, was here and there, and everywhere, calling out, "Father, do let me have my dog for him, for of all things, he and he liked moving the best.

It was the same when the last thing was carried out, and scarcely had MRS. HOLMES closed the door upon the empty house, when a carriage drove up, and had taken her quarrel flight, when the constable was heard to say, and with a tear and glistening in his eye, she sealed herself by her husband's side in the carriage. CHARLEY, with flushed cheek and bright eyes, sprang with one upon the driver's seat, with the expectation of either holding the reins, or of snapping the whip, which, as soon as he was discovered, and as they approached the depot, the study, shrill whistle of the iron horse was heard, and in a few moments the long train was drawn up before the door. CHARLEY was delighted to see so many boys, for he had come to see him off, and then seeing him on board the cars. He talked with his father and mother all the way, having friends and familiar names for in the back ground.

It was late that day, CHARLEY caught a view of a far-famed city, and as he had never seen so large a collection of buildings, he was delighted, and filled with wondering eyes, that no part of the enchanting scene escaped him. A few minutes more, and they were upon the long and strong bridge which spans the river, and CHARLEY was not a little amazed at the immense volume of water which rolled on so fast, but they should all go down into the freezing depths below.

The large depot when they stopped, seemed like a world in itself, for those who were moving to and fro out, or pursuing forth the business of human beings like a beaver. They immediately went to a hotel, and during the day Mr. HOLMES took a carriage and rode over the city, and passing out into the country they entered a beautiful cemetery, where they wound along over the broad, smooth roads, and saw the deeply shaded enclosures where lay the sleeping dead, with flowers and shrubbery tastefully arranged above them. The plans and sincerity of death was in the sunshine like brilliant [illegible], but the dark willows hung mournfully down, flapping at every breeze their long branches, and scattering again the pearly drops that were upon its surface.

One little grave, upon which stood a vase of freshly gathered flowers, attracted the attention of her party, and they approached it with cheerful feelings, so the thought of the sainted head that slumbered there. The name, the months which marked the spot was a plain slab, and upon it was inscribed, "Little ANTHONY."

"Dear little ANTHONY," said MRS. HOLMES, as she knelt down by the grave, and gently removed the weeds from around it, and the loved grass, watering it with tears.

Leaving the grounds, the carriage drove to the House of Refuge, where Mr. HOLMES had ascertained that high stone walls. Mr. HOLMES and family were admitted through the massive gate, and met by the superintendent, DANIEL BARNES, his wife, and his wife received them very amiably. CHARLEY could not help shuddering as he heard the heavy bolts drawn, as they he was taken to the Court House, and now the more he saw, the more the failing increased. CHARLEY cast his eyes over the crowd in the work yard, and among a group of boys about his age, he did detect his old friends DAVIS and HOGAN, and even when they were engaged in the unsociable work of breaking stone, they were busy as they could be. To Mr. HOLMES' inquiries their answers were very short, but when Mr. HOLMES named DAVIS, his face brightened, and as he bent it upon and read the kind words of his master, that the tears were rushed down his cheeks, and dropped in the floor. HOGAN seemed to be equally affected, but it was with difficulty that he checked down the tears that continually filled his eyes, and he was never spoke to him in his past accounts and his future life.

In leaving the building, they met at the door a boy who was sweeping and weeping, and to Mr. HOLMES' inquiries as to what was the matter, the keeper replied that he was crying for his mother.

"His name is DAVID NORTH, and it is caused many out of bed quarters, and he has been crying ever since with them, waits all."

Mr. HOLMES whispered something to DANIEL, at the same time handing him a beautifully bound Testament with Christian inscription on the fly-leaf, and then the group of that book, and you will never want for friends." Then taking her seat in the carriage, they drove away, and was soon again on their journey.

CHAPTER V.

The sun was declining in the west as the distant hills of Illinois, when the steamer Tuliss drew up its long sides to the wharf at Head Rushville Landing, and the boat was soon filled with passengers and freight who wished to go ashore. Mr. HOLMES' luggage as on the "hand-barrow," and he, following it, was soon placed under a long shed by the bank of the river, and he was left to look after it, while he went in search of a hotel. Charley was left to look after the property he turned in the vicinity. "Decision House," is large brick building on the first street, and was the only house in the place to which they had any recommendation, so Mr. HOLMES and family repaired there, and called for lodgings.

The landlord was a pleasant looking man, and he said, in a kind tone, "Can you accommodate us?"

"Is this what they call 'Out West?'"

"It is in a few miles of the capital of this father, "and we must not expect the conveniences, nor even the comforts we have left."

CHARLEY looked sad, and for the first time since he left his native village, he thought of his home, of his little room, of his books, and of his playmates, and he was homesick; but his mother comforted him by little words of love, and he soon forgot his sad feelings in the excitement of the scene around him. Mr. HOLMES was sensible, himself, and in a comfort by his family, and he was soon himself again, and as well as he.

The sun sunset had died away around the house, and all was still save the occasional yelpings of a dog, or the lowing of cattle, as they were driven to their stalls for the night, when Mr. HOLMES was made for Mr. HOLMES in the wagon, and when they were all seated, they were driven to their home.

The birds overhead and all around were chatting forth their morning songs with a fullness that made the heart of CHARLEY leap with joy, and he thought of the days when he should be permitted to roam the fields, unless in fishing up the harmony, while our company were driving through the village of Rushville. The sun and sent forth a burst of praise in the East in whose bosom they [illegible] and the [illegible] CHARLEY began to be interested in the beautiful prairies, which were now in full view, and he could not help wishing that he could be there to enjoy them. Mr. HOLMES needed to him as he passed, or to hit his hat with his cane, which they delightfully did, and on they went. At one time the antlers of a deer were seen but a moment, and with a low and stifled glimpse of the sun, she sealed herself by her husband's side in the carriage. CHARLEY, with flushed cheek and bright eyes, sprang with one upon the driver's seat, with the expectation of either holding the reins, or of snapping the whip, which, as soon as he was discovered, and as they approached the depot, the study, shrill whistle of the iron horse was heard, and in a few moments the long train was drawn up before the door. CHARLEY was delighted to see so many boys, for he had come to see him off, and then seeing him on board the cars. He talked with his father and mother all the way, having friends and familiar names for in the back ground.

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